

THE GOULD BLUE AND GOLD

VOLUME II—NUMBER 3

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FOOTBALL TEAM UNDEFEATED

The Gould Academy Huskies beat a powerful Mexico eleven on the Alumni Field to remain undefeated for the '43 season. It was the third football team in Gould history to be undefeated.

The Pintos threw a sharp scare into the Gould rooters by taking the ball on the kickoff and chalking up four first downs in a row, finally putting the ball over by a 20 yd. pass to Martin, the Mexico end. This put the Blue and Gould boys in a real fighting mood, for they quickly retaliated when fleet-footed Stan Merrill, on a reverse, followed good blocking and raced over from his 35 yd. line, making the score 6-6.

The second quarter was closely contested, but neither team was to push over the tie-breaking score.

In the third period the Huskies really took command of the situation, for they raked in first downs practically at will. Tom Jacobs gave the Gould fans a thrill by smashing off tackle, dodging through a lock of Orange and Black players, and racing the remaining distance for a spectacular 55 yd. run. The third Gould score was put over by Jacobs, who pushed his way over from 6 yd. line, to end the scoring for the day.

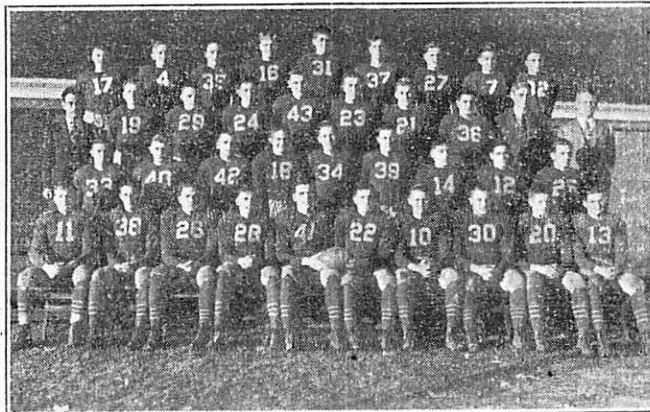
The game ended just as Merrill had run the ball to the Mexico 6 yd. line with a first down coming. It was a thrilling climax to a great Gould Academy eleven.

GOULD	MEXICO
Sanborn lb	Fogarty lb
A. Bennett lt	Gautria lt
Walker lg	Worthley lg
Reid c	Scott c
Gilman rg	Frayier rg
Davis rt	Allen rt
Packard re	Martin re
Berry qb	Mort qb
Jacobs lhb	Downs lhb
Merrill rhb	Bouette rhb
Emery fb	Crosby fb

Subs: GOULD: Wellington, Heathcote, Emery, Bryant, F. Bennett, Hayes, Tillson, Melcher, Dorian, Ambler, Swasey, Gould. MEXICO: Burns, Ridders, Doryen, Luther.

TOUCHDOWNS: Merrill, Jacobs 2, Martin.

Score by quarters:
GOULD 6 0 12 0—18
MEXICO 6 0 0 0—6
Referee—Bornstein. Umpire—Malvin. Head Linesman—Topping.



Gayle A. Foster

THE VICTORIOUS TEAM OF 1943

Left to right—first row: 11 J. Reid, 38 G. Bryant, 26 A. Stevens, 23 H. Berry, 41 S. Davis, 22 A. Emery (captain), 10 F. Gilman, 30 A. Bennett, 20 H. Sanborn, 13 B. Ambler. Second row: 33 W. Melcher, 40 R. Walker, 42 S. Emery, 18 R. Packard, 34 R. Gould, 39 J. Wellington, 14 R. Tillson, 12 T. Jacobs, 25 S. Merrill. Third row: Coach Roderick, 19 G. Lawrey, 29 P. Heathcote, 24 E. Dorian, 43 W. Swasey, 23 D. Hays, 21 J. Winter, 36 F. Bennett, L. Littlehale (mgr.), Coach Scott. Fourth row: 17 D. Walker, 4 R. Parsons, 35 D. Brooks, 16 J. Murray, 31 H. Sturgis, 37 R. Stetson, 27 S. Winter, 7 A. Norwood, 32 R. Carter.

Immediately after the game, the Gould players who weren't too exhausted, some town boys, and the more rugged girls from Gehring Hall, all climbed into trucks and drove over to Davis' Mill, where huge amounts of material were gathered, and dumped behind the athletic field into an enormous pile. At 6:30, it was lighted and all the football enthusiasts gathered about it. The cheerleaders led several cheers, and Coaches Scott and Roderick each told a favorite football yarn. Mr. Ireland and Mr. Clunie each made short talks.

Summary of Season

Gould	27	Norway	0
Gould	34	Fryeburg	6
Gould	27	S. Paris	6
Gould	25	Norway	0
Gould	54	Wilton	0
Gould	18	Mexico	6

Coaches Scott and Roderick should be highly praised for their outstanding work of training the men. Our high-spirited cheerleaders added their bit, along with the scattered appearances of the band to make the '43 season a sparkling success.

GIRLS' SPORTS

The hockey season this year was very successful, when considering the excellent playing of the teams. The season as far as the weather went was about as poor as it could have been, the Junior-Senior game having been postponed three times because of rain. The first game was played between the Sophomores and Freshmen and was won by the Sophomores 7-1. The Juniors and Sophomores played and the Juniors won 5-3 after having to play an overtime. The Seniors beat the Freshmen 8-2. Juniors and Seniors 5-2, favor of the Seniors. The best game of the year was between the Seniors and Sophomores. At the end of the first half the score was 2-2 but the Seniors pulled a 5-2 victory. The Senior team won the championship as it did for the past two years.

All teams showed good playing in accordance with their class and the number of years experience. The Freshman class showed remarkable ability for the short time they have been playing and were always "in there Fighting." There is excellent material from all teams for next year.

This year the season ended late but Blue and Gold varsity teams were chosen by the members of the Girls' Athletic Association. These teams did not play any games and so were strictly honorary but the girls on them earned ten full points for the season.

Along with the weather the class spirit was poor. A few people attended the games at times and the Senior Class spirit was upheld by Ken McInnis only. We hope to see more people come in the future. Good luck to the teams next year.

ARCHERY

After several weeks of practice in archery, the four highest scorers of each class were chosen to compete in an interclass tournament. The Senior class team was victorious with the Juniors as runners-up. The individual high scorers for each class were as follows:

Freshmen—Barbara Galbraith
Sophomores—Priscilla Goggin
Juniors—Katherine Kellogg
Seniors—Laurel Clements
All the participants showed great enthusiasm this fall, and we hope that a great many will again come out for archery in the spring.

BASKETBALL PROSPECTS

Basketball has started under the able direction of Coach Anderson. There are now two groups of boys playing every afternoon. Next week the varsity squad will be chosen. There are many likely-looking prospects from last year's class teams, as well as the new material which we are all eager to see.

Several varsity games have already been scheduled.

Tuesday, December 14—Rumford
Friday, January 14—Fryeburg
Friday, January 21—at Rumford
Wednesday, January 26—Norway
Friday, January 28—Old Orchard
Wednesday, February 4—S. Paris
Friday, February 4—at Oxford
Wednesday, Feb. 9—at Norway
Friday, February 11—at S. Paris
Wednesday, February 16—open
Friday, February 18—Oxford
Wednesday, February 23—open
Friday, February 25—at Fryeburg

In the spring, when varsity games are over, inter-class competition has been planned. Then the big question will be—"Which class will surpass?"

The best of luck to all you potential players. May we have an unconquered basketball team also.

THE GOULD BLUE AND GOLD

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EDITORIAL

OUR BEST

Today we may pick up any newspaper or magazine, and in even a quick glance, accounts of the mass tragedies and horrors or war cannot be overlooked. Tales of terror stricken, bombed refugees, orphaned and neglected children, and whole nations, crushed except in spirit by the ruthless brutality of the enemy can be read everywhere.

The starving Greeks, the war-weary Chinese, and the valiant Russians are all vividly portrayed. All these people are sacrificing everything—their homes, their fortunes, and the ones they love to keep themselves from being ground under the tyrant's heel, and to preserve the kind of life in which they so firmly believe. They are civilians who must fight right beside their soldiers. Here, far from the actual battle lines, we can be with our men only in spirit, courage and purpose. Let us not forget our brothers, fathers, and schoolmates who are doing their utmost for the final victory. What are we doing in comparison? With what feeling will we face these men when they return to their once more peaceful United States?

Let's not be just the gang who makes too much noise in the movies, or deposits too many candy-bar wrappers up and down the streets, or sings in the bus. Let's be the boys and girls who take pride in seeing our white ninety per cent banner flying high, the blue minute man watching over our campus. Don't let him down! Or let's be the person who helped canvass the town and put Bethel over the top in its \$1050 quota for the National War Fund drive.

Perhaps we believe we have done our share already. If so, let's not be satisfied with our bit, let's do our best.

Old Anon

VISITS MR. FOSTER'S PHYSICS CLASS

As we emerge from the lush and uncharted jungles of White Mountain polopodums and Androscoggin seaweed which occupy Miss Lundy's end of the science laboratory, we find ourselves in the midst of one of Mr. Foster's physics classes. Picking our way among precariously balanced meter sticks, giant beakers of colored solutions, and electric shocking machines, we are soon within hearing distance of the teacher. Mr. Foster, who has just climbed out of his

hypo jug in time to instruct the class on the next experiment, is an advocate for sound-proofed doors and windows in Hanscom Hall; the shouting of other teachers in the building sometimes disturb his quiet announcements regarding conduct in class.

The junior Einsteins of the class having been informed as to the proper procedure in this experiment, let us watch some of them toying with the laws of nature as Mr. Foster stalks from one group to the next. He is like a disillusioning gremlin pricking each rosy bubble of misconstrued theory as he goes.

At one table which he passes sit the minority of girls in the class and Joe Wellington. With deft fingers Joe is balancing the long end of a meter stick with metric weights. The girls are adding up the figures he obtains and wondering why they don't come out right. Mr. Foster pauses here only to hang another small weight to one end of the stick while no one is looking, and thus confuse the mathematicians even further.

One window sill (which was cleared of potted geraniums by treaty with Miss Lundy) is occupied with an elaborately constructed force pump. Here Dick Woodcock is satisfying his childish fancy by squirting pink water out the window into the nest of some unsuspecting robin.

That moan of dignified compassion is from Jim Reid, who by an ingenious system of barometric computations has just finished his experiment on finding the pressure of the laboratory gas supply. His figures say that it is exactly 14.7 pounds per square inch, the same as that of air! Mr. Foster failed to inform him that he should turn on the gas before he started.

A few minutes before the end of the period Ann Aldrich trips lightly into the room. Ann is one of those determined scholars who believe in taking the subjects they like even if two or three of them do conflict in the same period. She puts away her hastily completed French sentences, hauls out her physics notebook, and scribbles down a few figures as a basis for doing the experiment out of class. She then looks about for Mr. Foster, but he is busy at his bunsen burner utilizing the explosive force of steam to pop the class some corn.

Just before the bell rings the teacher distributes the popped corn and gives the assignment. He believes that all the problems in the book are easy. After all he can do them.

And so it is just a matter of a few minutes before the finest assembly of amateur Flash Gordons in Gould Academy has again stumbled, wan and perplexed, from Mr. Foster's citadel of science. Their cerebrums are now even further filled with the worldly knowledge of practical things. At some remote time in the future when they wish to find out the ratio of thickness between a red hair and a black hair, or the force with which an egg dropped from the eighty-ninth story of the Woolworth building will smash in somebody's baby carriage, this education in fundamental physics will serve them well.

Back in the laboratory after class we see that Mr. Foster has changed the assignment on the blackboard so that his unwitting pupils will have the wrong problems solved when they come in tomorrow. (This is one of his standard tricks.) He then should

ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATION

The impressive Armistice Day celebration on the night of November eleventh was opened by Commander John Meserve and was ably conducted by Mr. Compass. The advancing of colors was followed by "The National Anthem," played by the Maine State Guard Reserve Band, which did an excellent job throughout the evening. After a selection by the Varsity Glee Club, Mr. Ireland gave a brief welcome address. A violin solo by Shirley Reid was enjoyed by all. Next was the introduction of the invited guests; Capt. Beeaker, Lt. Colby, Major Emery (who made a wonderful impression on all), Capt. Coburn and one of Bethel's favorite sons: Herbert Bean, past State Commander of the American Legion.

The medley of World War I songs played by the band pleased everyone, especially the men to whom those songs were so familiar. The speaker for the evening, Cecil Sidall, present Liaison Officer for state World War II, gave an excellent talk on our mistakes after the last war and the importance of having a sound peace after the present conflict. The Girls' Glee Club then sang "The Recessional."

The awarding of Gold Star Citations to the parents of Bethel boys who have died in this war in service of their country was a solemn occasion, followed by "Taps" and a benediction by Rev. Gordon. The band closed the program by playing "America" and an exit march. All in all, this memorial program served to make every member of the audience more keenly aware of how deeply this war affects each and every one of them. Thank you, American Legion.

CAMERA CLUB

Everyone has been waiting for the final results of the Camera Club election.

President—Robert Foster
Vice-President—Martin Bovey
Secretary—Laurel Clements
Treasurer—Doris Mann

This is a very active club and has many new members for the coming year. Everyone will be kept busy during the year learning about various kinds of cameras and how to take care of them. The darkroom will be used for all to learn how to print and enlarge. Mr. Foster, the faculty advisor, will conduct lectures and help the members to become more interested in photography.

The progress that this Club is making is a sure indication of success for the months to come.

ders his graflex and strides back into the darkroom, chuckling over his prank of setting all the scales twenty grams off before class started. "Just think!" he muses. "They'll have to do the experiment all over again!"

Holden Hall

The boys are thinking of making a complaint to the Maine Central Bus Line—it seems that the back seats of the buses are much too small! The avalanche of week-ends, caused by the end of our successful football season—thanks to B. Burton—left an unusual serenity in our lower upper corridor since Melcher and Stevens, our loving cousins, departed on the 4:30 train. Those remaining, camped and free, spent an enjoyable week-end since half of Gehring was either gone or also camped—every day is Sadie Hawkins day in Gould Academy.

In a recent dorm meeting in collaboration with "Joe" Roderick, Robert Tillson seconded his own nomination for chairman of the ensuing dorm party. Tillson claims it was a pure accident, but we know better. Probably Tillson will have us put on the clean-up committee for this.

Just try to borrow Coon Bovey's or Gordon Lawry's alarm clock. It is impossible since they have been getting up each morning at 5 a. m. to see if there is enough snow to ski.

Choir practice is nothing but one big cross-country race with some very poor tenors chasing Wellington, who is continually moving from one place to another to keep away from these discords.

It took a rug in the face to silence "Satan's Nocturnal Melodies." More power to you, Chris. The next day a sign hung on the door—Roommate for Sale.

The aroma of Italian sandwiches permeates Holden Hall. The people who claim they don't like it are just jealous because they don't have a quarter to buy one.

The following is the Constitution of the butt room.

"We, the people of the Camel Club, in order to form a more perfect blend of Turkish and American tobaccos, establish justice as we believe it should be, insure domestic havoc, provide for the common defense, promote the general nausea and secure the blessings of nicotine to ourselves and our posterity, do not ordain any Constitution for the Holden Hall Smoking Room."

By the Mad Poet

YOUR ALL TIME, ALL TIME HIT PARADE

Why Don't You Do Right? George Bryant

There Will Never Be Another You, Mr. Vachon

Moonlight Becomes You, Carol Robertson

In the Blue of the Evening, Study Hours

It's Always You, Betty Gibbs

Prince Charming, Blain Ambler

One, Two, Three Kick, The Dance Club

Who Wouldn't Love You, Do-Do

Taking a Chance on Love, Carl

Wight

Town Topics

After a victorious football season we find that we have ahead of us a very interesting and exciting basketball schedule for the winter months. Many of the town boys are right in there pitching for dear old Gould. Some of the lads who have started the season are George Bryant, Archie Young, Hiram Berry, Stan Davis, Stan Judkins, Dexter Stowell, Buster Robertson, Lawrence Kendall, "Bozo" Young, Don Walker, Lynwood Wheeler, Errold Donahue, Bill Hastings, John Greenleaf, Larry Clement, John Brown, and Harlan Blake.

It has been brought to my attention that George Bryant has developed an interest in the grain business. What possible connection this could have with the fact that he comes to school with lipstick on his shirt collar is beyond me.

As most of you already know we have some very talented young ladies among the town students. Two of these girls, namely Peg Hanscom and Deb Farwell, have been competing for your patronage since the beginning of this school year. Peg makes a marvelous milk shake over at the Drug Store, but still you have to admit that Deb sure can serve those super-sandwiches. May the best gal win.

Ruel Swain seems to be doing much better work in Chemistry this six weeks. Could it be that noon-hour visits with the girls in study hall?

I'm sure that those of us who are in Miss Mutch's study hall received a very lasting impression about the difficulty of chewing gum in school. I won't mention any names, but I have noticed that a number of Freshmen and one athletic Senior from Christian Hill have taken up chewing pencils.

As I was walking along Vernon Street one night last week I heard weird noises issuing from the Bryant home. Greatly alarmed I knocked at the door and inquired if anyone was ill. Carlie replied "Oh no, that's Dick. He's practicing to go on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade." What's your request Gehring Hall? "Pistol Packin' Mama"?

You students who were here last year will be interested to know that Stella Grover's parents have recently heard from Big Bill. He is now stationed with the Army Air Corps in Nebraska.

Oh, What a Beautiful Morning, Saturday Morning

There Are Such Things, A's ? ? ?

When the Lights Go On Again, After a formal

Don't Get Around Much Any More, The Old Maids Club

Faithful to You, Jean Chipman

One Foot in Heaven, Jim Reid

Mandy Make Up Your Mind, Holden Hall

Peeka-Boo to You, The Chaperon

Paper Doll, Jeannette Sargent

Goings-On at Gehring

Greetings kids,

Well I'm still at Gehring. I must admit I almost moved back within the quiet halls of Holden about two weeks ago; but last week end gave such a fine recuperating spell that I gave up the idea. Oh such peace, such tranquillity! It wasn't such a perfect evening for everybody, I gather. It was nice having Eva at home Saturday night though. Neither I nor the residents of Paradise had to turn our radios on all evening.

No, no, you can't make me believe that Shirley Read with all her talents is only a scrub woman at heart. I saw it with my own eyes; but I don't believe it.

I know there's a serious shortage but if you find any elastic, please quietly slide it under the door of room 17.

Third Hall fascinates me, really it does. Susie Delatour seems to keep asking for Moore and Moore. Tch, tch, Susie.

Mildred is just a cupid at heart. She's so interested in the way the Lawry boys seem to go for the Darien girls. Which reminds me, the jewelry is beginning to shine forth. Proof: Terry and Bev.

I'm convinced the feuds between Second and Third should go own in history. Currently—"Who'll win Captain Emery?"

Wednesday night seemed to be sleepless way into the wee small hours. When I came back from my moonlight skiing trip, the back side of our Dorm. was decorated with cold cream, topped with hair sparkling with curlers. Quite a sight!

Poor, poor, Mava. Even in Portland you have to keep your eyes open for teachers. They're everywhere, remember?

The other day I was out walking and happened into Vachon's. The chief topic, the only topic of conversation was Andy Sargent. Except of course for Martha who switches it to Bowman now and then.

Mildred just loves the English. "Dunc" you really ought to come to visit her some afternoon.

I used to see Anne Aldrich all over the campus. But now she seems quite confined to her knitting. Time will tell if she ever wears it.

Gracious me, I hope our children don't grow up to be the Calamity Jane, Nancy Ann seems to be. This time it's cough medicine. You're supposed to take one teaspoonful at a time. Not the whole bottle, Nancy.

In closing I would like to leave with you this touching proverb, which has come forth from the walls of Gehring: "The Winter tries a Freese, the Summer tries to thaw."

Merton

In My Arms, Susie Delatour
You'll Never Know, Dot Mann

THOSE OUTSTANDING AMONG US

Here we are again with a vivacious gal by the name of Betty Burton. Is she there? Well, we'll leave that up to you to gather by her numerous activities.

First we see her as an all-round athlete out there on that hockey field, and then as one of the high scorers in cupid's game, better known to us as archery. By observing last year's basketball games, we wish to present to you one of our best senior forwards. This however is "Burt's favorite sport."

Everyone wants to thank you "Burt" for your wonderful school spirit and enthusiasm throughout the football season, as head Cheerleader. Though you hail from Wiscasset, we hear you really got that cheering pep from Fairhaven, where you attended before coming to Gould, last year.

CONGRATULATIONS, also, for becoming Vice-President of the Outing Club.

As we go about school there's hardly a club or organization you're not in, such as, dramatics, Camera Club, or any of the musical organizations. We won't forget to mention the honor you have of being on the Dormitory Council.

"Burt" is rarely seen in a classroom that doesn't have something to do with math or science. Whether she goes up here in Maine, to the Alma Mater of many of Gould's teachers or as far down south as Durham, N. C., we hope she finds mathematics as her major, interesting enough to keep up up her forever flowing spirit.

Those silver skills "Burt," are many a girl's envy! We know fun's in store for you this year with all enthusiasm.

You can't get away from us, a four year main stay, he's 6', with blond hair, blue eyes, and oh, what a grin! Francis Gilman, one of the most popular senior boys is again being commented on in this paper.

What a football player! This was shown when a year ago he was picked out as the most improved player.

We'll also have to hand it to you for becoming President of Outing Club. That's really an honor.

Now that football is over, we'll be expecting to see you in the Band and Orchestra with that trumpet, we've heard so much about, and hope that when you reach high "C," you'll still be on top.

For four years, we've been watching that tray balanced on the right hand. Logic says no, so sometime you'll maybe let us in on the secret?

Here's hoping you break a Gould record in track this spring, and have a happy year before leaving for the armed forces.

Good Luck.

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